Quee. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a State
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will trie it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile board him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a plenti-

11 bord 12 dooes 20 terme

plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, al
sir though I most powerfully and potently beleeue, yet
not honestie to haue it thus set down, for your selfe sir sha
old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backeward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't,
walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Polo. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant son
his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which
and sanctitie could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I w
him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of yo

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will no
willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, exc
life. *Enter Guilderstern, and Rosencrau*

Polo. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polo. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guilden*
A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waist, or in the middle of h

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

Ha. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a stru
What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes i
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsi*

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I t
you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a half
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free
tion? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay spe

Guyl. VVhat should we say my Lord?

21 My extent good — How doost